

The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA DELLINGER

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SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Leaving the car, she goes into the park to read the will of an old friend of her mother's who has left her property. There she is accosted by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and chloroforms her. James Hamilton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hamilton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht, drops anchor. Alecto Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, who has an appointment with him, not meeting Hamilton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Reynolds. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanette D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. His clothes and money belt have been taken from him. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chateaufort, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the striking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha are both abandoned by the crew, who take to the boats. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Recovering slightly, the pair find Hamilton, who agrees to help them. Jim is delirious and on the verge of death. Hamilton goes for help. He returns with Dr. Thayer, who revives Jim, and the party is conveyed to Charlesport, where Agatha's property is located. Dr. Thayer is the brother of Agatha's benefactor, Van Camp and his party in the Sea Gull, reach Charlesport and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanette D'Arc. Alecto finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in despair.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I can't get back to see him," she whispered, and Alecto looked at her before entering the sick-room, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

Agatha went back to her couch, feeling that the heavens had opened. Here was a friend come to her from she knew not where, whose right it was to assume responsibility for the sick man. He was kind and good, and he loved her rescuer with the boyish devotion of their school days. He would surely help; he would work with her to keep death away. Whatever love and professional skill could do, should be done; there had been no question as to that, of course, from the beginning. But here was some one who would double, yes, more than double her own efforts; some one who was strong and well and capable. Her heart was thankful.

Before Alecto returned from the sick-room, Doctor Thayer's step sounded on the stairs, followed by the mild complaining voice of Sallie Kingsbury. Presently the two men were in a low-roofed conference in the hall. Agatha waited while they talked, feeling grateful that Doctor Thayer's grim professional wisdom was to be reinforced by Mr. Van Camp's resources. When the doctor entered Agatha's room, her face had almost the natural flush of health.

"Ah, Miss Agatha Redmond," the doctor continued frequently to address her by her full name, half in affectionate deference and half with some dry sense of humor peculiar to himself—"Miss Agatha Redmond, so you're beginning to pick up! A good thing, too; for I don't want two patients in one house like the one out yonder. He's a very sick man, Miss Agatha."

"I know, doctor. I have seen him grow worse, hour by hour, even since we came. What can be done?"

"He needs special nursing now, and your man in there will be worn out presently."

"Oh, that can be managed. Send to Portland, to Boston, or somewhere. We can get a nurse here soon. Do not spare any trouble, doctor. I can arrange."

Doctor Thayer squared himself and passed slowly up and down Agatha's room. He did not reply at once, and when he did, it was with one of his characteristic turns toward an apparently irrelevant topic.

"Have you seen Sister Susan?" he inquired, stopping by the side of Agatha's couch and looking down on her with his shrewd gaze. It was a needless question, for he knew that Agatha had not seen Mrs. Stoddard. She had been too weak and ill to see anybody. Agatha shook her head.

"Well, Miss Agatha Redmond, Susan's the nurse we need for that young gentleman over there. It's constant care he must have now, day and night; and if he gets well, it will be good nursing that does it. There isn't a nurse in this country like Susan, when she once takes hold of a case. That Mr. Hand in there is all right, but he can't sit up much longer night and day, as he has been doing. And he isn't a woman. Don't know why it is, but the Lord seems bent on throwing sick men into women's

hands—as if they weren't more than a match for us when we're well!"

Agatha's humorous smile rewarded the doctor's grim comments, if that was what he wanted.

"No, doctor," she said, with a fleeting touch of her old lightness, "we're never a match for you. We may entertain you or nurse you or feed you, or possibly once in a century or two inspire you; but we're never a match for you."

"For which Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the doctor fervently.

Agatha watched him as he fumbled nervously about the room or clasped his hands behind him under his long coat-tails. The greenish-black frock-coat hung untidily upon him, and his white fringe of hair was anything but smooth. She perceived that something other than medical problems troubled him.

"Would your sister—would Mrs. Stoddard—be willing to come here to take care of Mr. Hamilton?" she ventured.

"Ask me that," snapped the doctor, "when no man on earth could tell whether she'll come or not. She says she won't. She's hurt and she's outraged; or at least she thinks she is. But if you could get her to think that it was her duty to take care of that poor boy in there, she'd come fast enough."

Agatha was puzzled. She felt as if there were a dozen ways to turn and only one way that would lead her right; and she could not find the clue to that one right way. At last she attacked the doctor boldly.

"Tell me, Doctor Thayer," she said earnestly, "just what it is that causes Mrs. Stoddard to feel hurt and outraged. Is it simply because I have inherited the money and the house? She can't possibly know anything about me personally."

The old doctor thrust his under jaw out more belligerently than ever, while turning his answer over in his mind. He took two lengths of the room before stopping again by Agatha's side and looking down on her.

"She says it isn't the money, but that it's the slight Hercules put upon her for leaving the place, our old home, out of the family. That's one thing; but that isn't the worst. Susan's orthodox, you know, very orthodox; and she has a prejudice against your profession—serving Satan, she calls it. She thinks that what actresses and opera singers do, though how she knows anything about it, I don't see."

The grim smile shone in the doctor's eyes even while he looked, half anxiously, to see how Agatha was taking his explanation of Mrs. Stoddard's attitude. Agatha meditated a moment.

"If it's merely a prejudice in the abstract against my being an opera singer, I think she will overcome that. Besides, Mr. Hamilton is neither an actor nor an opera singer; he isn't 'serving Satan.'"

"Well," the doctor hesitated, and then went on hastily, with a great show of irritation, "Susan's a little set in her views. She disapproves of the way you came here; says you shouldn't have been out in a boat with two men, and that it's a judgment for sin, your being drowned, or next door to it. I'm only saying this, my dear Miss Agatha, to explain to you why Susan—"

But Agatha was enlightened at last, and roused sufficient to cause two red spots, brighter than they had ever been in health, to burn on her cheeks. She sat up very straight, facing Doctor Thayer's worried gaze, and interrupted him in tones ringing with anger.

"Do you mean to tell me, Doctor Thayer, that your sister, the sister of my mother's lifelong friend, sits in her house and imagines scandalous stories about me, when she knows nothing at all about the facts or about me? That she thinks I was out in a boat alone with two men? That she is mean enough to condemn me without knowing the first thing about this awful accident? Oh, I have no words!"

And Agatha covered her burning face with her hands, unable, by mere speech, to express her outraged feelings. Doctor Thayer edged uneasily about Agatha's couch, with a manner reminding that of a whipped dog.

"Why, my dear Miss Agatha, Susan will come round in time. She's not so bad, really. She'll come round in time, only just now we haven't any time to spare. Don't feel so badly; Susan is too set in her views—"

"Set!" cried Agatha. "That's a horrid, unchristian woman!"

"Oh, no," remonstrated the doctor. "Susan's all right, when you once get used to her. She's a trifle old-fashioned in her views—"

But Agatha was not listening to the doctor's feeble justification of Susan. She was thinking hard.

"Doctor Thayer," she urged, "do you want that woman to come here to take care of Mr. Hamilton? Isn't there any one else in this whole countryside who can nurse a sick man? Why, I can do it myself; or Mr. Van Camp, his cousin, could do it. Why should you want her, of all people, when she feels so toward us?"

The moment his professional judgment came into question Doctor Thayer slipped out from the cloud of embarrassment which had engulfed him in his recent conversation, and assumed the authoritative voice that Agatha had first heard.

"My dear Miss Agatha Redmond, that is foolish talk. You are half sick, even now; and it requires a strong person, with no nerves, to do what I desire done. Mr. Van Camp may be his cousin, but the chances are that he wouldn't know a bromide from a blister; and good nurses don't grow on bushes in Illinois, nor in Charlesport, either. There isn't one to be had, so far as I know, and we can't wait to send to Augusta or Portland. The next few days, especially the next twenty-four hours, are critical."

Agatha listened intently, and a growing resolution shone in her eyes.

"Would Mrs. Stoddard come, if it were not for what you said—about me?" she asked.

"The Lord only knows, but I think she would," replied the poor, harassed doctor. "She's always been a regular Dorcas in this neighborhood."

"Dorcas!" cried Agatha, her anger again flaring up. "I should say Sapphira!"

"Oh, now, Susan isn't so bad, when you once know her," urged the doctor.

Agatha got up and went to the window, trailing her traveling rug after her. "She shall come—I'll bring her. And sometime she shall mend her words about me—but that can wait. If she will only help to save James Hamilton's life now! Where does she live?"

Suddenly, as she stood at the window, she saw an opportunity. "There's Little Simon down there now under the trees; and his buggy must be somewhere near. Will you stay here, Doctor Thayer, with Mr. Hamilton, while I go to see your sister?"

"Hadin't I better drive you over to see Susan myself?" feebly suggested the doctor.

"No, I'll go alone." There was anger, determination, gunpowder in Agatha's voice.

"But mind you, don't offer her any money," the doctor warned, as he watched her go down the hall and disappear for an instant in the bedroom where James Hamilton lay. She came out almost immediately and without a word descended the wide stairway, opened the dining-room door and called softly to Sallie Kingsbury.

Doctor Thayer returned to the sick-room. Ten minutes later he heard the wheels of Little Simon's buggy rolling rapidly up the road in the direction of Susan Stoddard's place.

CHAPTER XIV.

Susan Stoddard's Prayer.

There was a wide porch, spottily scrubbed, along the front of the house, and two hydrangeas blooming gorgeously in tubs, one on either side of the walk. The house looked new and modern, shiny with paint and furnished with all the conveniences offered by the relentless progress of our day.

Little Simon had informed Agatha, during their short drive, that Deacon Stoddard had achieved this "rested" shortly before his death; and his tone implied that it was the pride of the town, its real treasure. Even to Agatha's absorbed and preoccupied mind it presented a striking contrast to the old red house, which had received her so graciously into its spacious comfort. She marveled that anything so fresh and modish as the house before her could have come into being in the old town. It was next to a certainty that there was a model laundry with set tubs beyond the kitchen, and equally sure that no old householder lounge subtly invited the wearied traveler to rest.

A cool draft came through the screen door. Within it was cleaner than anything Agatha had ever seen. The stair-rail glistened, the polished floors shone. A neat bouquet of sweet peas stood exactly in the center of a snow-white dolly, which was exactly in the middle of a shiny, round table. The very door-mat was brand new; Agatha would never have thought of wiping her shoes on it.

Agatha's ring was answered by a half-grown girl, who looked scared when she saw a stranger at the door. Agatha walked into the parlor, in spite of the girl's hesitation in inviting her, and directed her to say to Mrs. Stoddard that Miss Redmond, from the old red house, wished particularly to see her. The girl's face assumed an

expression of intelligent and ecstatic curiosity.

"Oh!" she breathed. Then, "She's putting up plum, but she can come out in a few minutes." She could not go without lingering to look at Agatha, her wide-eyed gaze taking note of her hair, her dress, her hands, her face. As Agatha became conscious of the ingenious inspection to which she was subjected, she smiled at the girl—one of her old, radiant, friendly smiles.

"Run now, and tell Mrs. Stoddard, there's a good child! And sometime you must come to see me at the red house; will you?"

The girl's face lighted up as if the sun had come through a cloud. She smiled at Agatha in return, with a "Yes" under her breath. Thus a slave was made.

Left alone in the cool, dim parlor, so orderly and spotless, Agatha had a presentiment of the prejudice of class and of religion against which she was about to throw herself. Susan Stoddard's fanaticism was not merely that of an individual; it represented the stored-up strength of hardy, conscience-driven generations. The Stoddards might build themselves houses with model laundries, but they did not thereby transfer their real treasure from the incorruptible kingdom. If they were not ruled by aesthetic ideals, neither were they governed by thoughts of worldly display. This fragrant, clean room bespoke character and family history. Agatha found herself absently looking down at a white wax cross, entwined with wax flowers, standing under a glass on the center-table. It was a strange piece of handicraft. Its whiteness was suggestive of death, not life, and the curving leaves and petals, through which the vital sap once flowed, were beautiful no longer, now that their day of tender freshness was so inappropriately prolonged. As Agatha, with mild aloof, wondered vaguely at the laborious patience exhibited in the work, her eye caught sight of an inscription molded in the wax pedestal: "Brother." Her mind was sharply brought back from the impersonal region of speculation. What she saw was not merely a sentimental, misguided attempt at art; it was Susan Stoddard's memorial of her brother, Hercules Thayer—the man who had so unexpectedly influenced Agatha's own life. To Susan Stoddard this wax cross was the symbol of the companionship of childhood, and of all the sweet and bitter involved in the inextinguishable bond of blood relationship.

Agatha felt more kindly toward her because of this mute, fantastic memorial. She looked up almost with her characteristic friendly smile as she heard slow, steady steps coming down the hall.

The eyes that returned Agatha's look were not smiling, though they did not look unkind. They gazed, without embarrassment, as without pride, into Agatha's face, as if they would probe at once to the covered springs of action. Mrs. Stoddard was a thick-set woman, rather short, looking toward sixty, with iron-gray hair parted in the middle and drawn back in an old-fashioned, pretty way.

It was to the credit of Mrs. Stoddard's breeding that she took no notice of Agatha's peculiar dress, unsuited as it was to any place but the bedroom, even in the morning. Mrs. Stoddard herself was neat as a pin in a cotton gown made for utility, not beauty. She stood for an instant with her clear, untroubled gaze full upon Agatha, then drew forward a chair from its mathematical position against the wall. When she spoke, her voice was a surprise, and the tone broke and fell into the water. I should have been, then and there, if it had not been for this man; for all the rest of the ship's load jumped into the boats and rowed away to save themselves. He helped me to come ashore, after I had become exhausted by swimming. He risked his life to save mine. Is not that a heaven-inspired deed. Is not that a heaven-inspired deed?

Mrs. Stoddard's eyes glistened at Agatha's tale, which had at last behind the older woman's armor. But her next attack took a form that Agatha had not foreseen. In her reverent voice, so suited to exhortation, she demanded:

"And what will you do with your life, now that you have been saved by the hand of God? Will you dedicate it to him, whose child you are?"

Agatha, chafing in her heart, paused a moment before she answered: "My life has not been without its tests of faith and of conscience, Mrs. Stoddard; and who of us does not wish, with the deepest yearning, to know the right and to do it?"

"Knowledge comes from the Lord," came Mrs. Stoddard's words, like an antiphonal response in the litany.

"My way has been different from yours; and it is a way that would be difficult for you to understand, possibly. But you shall not condemn me without reason."

"Are you going to marry that man you have been living with these many days?" was the next stern inquiry. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

An honest man is not a mere animal; he knows right from wrong, and loves the right.

Agatha, standing by the table with the cross, made no movement toward the chair. She was not come face to face with Mrs. Stoddard for the purpose of social visitation, but because, in the warfare of life, she had been next to the enemy with a message. That, at least, was Agatha's point of view. Officially, she was come to plead with Mrs. Stoddard; personally, she was hot and resentful at her unjust words. Her reply to her hostess' greeting was brief and her attitude unbending.

"I have come to ask you, Mrs. Stoddard," Agatha began, though to her chagrin, she found her voice was unsteady—"I have come personally to ask you, Mrs. Stoddard, if you will help me in caring for our friend, who is ill. Your brother, Doctor Thayer, wishes it. It is a case of life and death, maybe; and skilful nursing is difficult to find."

Agatha's hand, that rested on the table, was trembling by the time she finished her speech; she was vividly conscious of the panic that had come upon her nerves at a fresh realization of the wall of defense and resistance which she was attempting to assail. It spoke to her from Mrs. Stoddard's

calm, other-worldly eyes, from her serene, deep voice.

"No, Miss Redmond, that work is not for me."

"But please, Mrs. Stoddard, will you not reconsider your decision? It is not for myself I ask, but for another—one who is suffering."

Mrs. Stoddard's gaze went past Agatha and rested on the white cross with the inscription, "Brother." She slowly shook her head, saying again: "No, that work is not for me. The Lord does not call me there."

As the two women stood there, with the funeral cross between them, each with her heart's burden of grief, convictions and resentments, each recalled, sensitively, from the other's touch. But life and the burden life imposes were too strong.

"How can you say, Mrs. Stoddard, that work is not for me, when there is suffering you can relieve, sickness that you can cure? I am asking a hard thing, I know; but we will help to make it as easy as possible for you, and we are in great need."

"Should the servants of the Lord falter in doing his work?" Mrs. Stoddard's voice intoned reverently, while she looked at Agatha with her sincere eyes. "No. He gives strength to perform his commands. But sickness and sorrow and death are on every hand; to some it is appointed for a moment's trial, to others it is the wages of sin. We can not alter the Lord's decrees."

Agatha stared at the rapt speaker with amazed eyes, and presently the anger she had felt at Doctor Thayer's words rose again within her breast, doubly strong. The doctor had given but a feeble version of the judgment; hers was the real voice hurling anathema, as did the prophets of old, but even as she listened she gathered all her force to combat this sword of the spirit which had so suddenly risen against her.

"You are a hard and unjust woman, to talk of the 'wages of sin.' What do you know of my life, or of him who is sick over at the red house? Who are you, to sit in judgment upon us?"

"I am the humblest of his servants," replied Susan Stoddard, and there was no shadow of hypocrisy in her tones. She went on, almost sorrowfully: "But we are sent to serve and obey. Keep ye separate and apart from the children of this world. I have no choice but to obey. Besides, and she looked up fearlessly into Agatha's face, "we do know about you. It is spoken of by all how you follow a wicked and worldly profession. You can't touch pitch and not be defiled. The temple must be purged and emptied of worldly things before Christ can come in."

Agatha was baffled by the very simplicity and directness of Mrs. Stoddard's words, even though she felt her own texts might easily be turned against her. But she had no heart for argument, even if it would lead her to verbal triumph over her companion. Instinctively she felt that it was Mrs. Stoddard to be won.

"Whatever you may think about me or about my profession, Mrs. Stoddard," she said, "you must believe me when I say that Mr. Hamilton is free from your censure and worthy of your sincerest praise. He is not an opera singer—of that I am convinced."

Susan Stoddard here interpolated a stern "Don't you know?"

"Listen, Mrs. Stoddard!" cried Agatha in desperation. "When the yacht, the Jeanette D'Arc, came to sink, there was panic and fear everywhere. While I was climbing down into one of the smaller boats, the rope broke and I fell into the water. I should have been drowned, then and there, if it had not been for this man; for all the rest of the ship's load jumped into the boats and rowed away to save themselves. He helped me to come ashore, after I had become exhausted by swimming. He risked his life to save mine. Is not that a heaven-inspired deed. Is not that a heaven-inspired deed?"

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FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

Boone Inmate Headed List.
Pulaski.—Boone county has the greatest number of insane patients confined in the Pulaski State hospital and will pay the largest amount of any county for the maintenance of its wards for the six months beginning July 1. The semiannual list of statements prepared shows Boone county will pay \$4,314.70.

Twain Memorial Not Behind.
Hannibal.—Contrary to a recent announcement of the Mark Twain monument commission that the memorial to the distinguished humorist would not be erected and dedicated in Hannibal next fall, as originally planned, indications point to the fact that the exercises will be held at the scheduled time if present efforts for the closing of the contract terminate favorably.

Prisoner Shot by Marshal.
Poplar Bluff.—Henderson Owen, aged 28 years, was shot and probably fatally injured by the city marshal at Neeleyville while resisting arrest. Henderson became mixed up in an affray at a picnic.

Woman Plunges to Her Death.
Poplar Bluff.—Mrs. Marie Coleman of Trenton, Mo., an aeronaut, was killed when she plunged headfirst 200 feet to the ground, while making a balloon flight at a picnic of the Knights and Ladies of the Maccabees.

Judge H. C. Timmonds Dead.
Kansas City.—Judge H. C. Timmonds, known throughout Missouri as a jurist and politician, died at his home here. Judge Timmonds was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the Missouri supreme court.

Convict's Parole Revoked.
Jefferson City.—A parole issued by former Gov. Hadley to Blaine Burnett was revoked by Gov. Major and Burnett was ordered brought back to the penitentiary. Burnett had threatened to kill his wife.

Swimmer Drowned in Lake.
Bismarck.—Lee Huff, aged 23, was accidentally drowned in the Iron Mountain lake near his home. His body was recovered. He is survived by a widow.

Hurled From Buggy, Drowns.
Palmyra.—Mrs. Alonzo Cheney, 70 years of age, while returning to her home at Emerson from a visit at Philadelphia, was caught in a cloudburst and drowned in a small branch. Her horse became unmanageable as she reached the branch and she was thrown from her buggy.

Clarks Move; Rent Too High.
Washington, D. C.—Following his declaration a few days ago that he would not "stand for" an increase in his apartment rent, Speaker Clark moved his family from the fashionable apartment they have occupied at 1509 Avenue of the Presidents, to an apartment at Congress Hall hotel.

Coal Rates by Zones.
Jefferson City.—The state public service commission began an inquiry whether the commission has power to establish coal rates by zones so that mines nearest the market may not be left by reason of their location to secure a monopoly in the sale of coal and shut out their competitors.

One Crop Pays for Missouri Farm.
Cassville.—R. H. Hazelwood purchased a 40-acre farm six miles north of here last year, paying \$400 for it. This year he raised three acres of strawberries and the proceeds from the three acres of berries paid for the entire 40 acres.

Youth Sentenced to 20 Years.
Boonville.—Earl Easter, the reform school boy, who assaulted John Carter, a Cooper county farmer, with a club and knife, inflicting serious wounds, was given 20 years in the penitentiary here.

Lightning Kills Farmer.
Marble Hill.—Charles Shell, 27 years old, and the horse he was driving were killed by lightning when he was plowing corn on the farm of his father-in-law, C. N. Zimmerman, a mile west of here.

Granby Editor Dies in Joplin.
Joplin.—John Dautrich, 40 years old, editor of the Granby Miner, a weekly newspaper published in Granby, Mo., was found dead in a rooming-house here. Dautrich was on his way home from St. Louis.

Slayer Gets Twelve Years.
Boonville.—John L. Jones of Sedalia was convicted here of murder in the second degree and given 12 years in the penitentiary. Jones was charged with the murder of Akina M. Mackey on November 12, 1911.

Missouri Merchant Sued.
Kansas City.—J. D. Todd, 45 years old, a merchant of Marceline, Mo., committed suicide here at the home of John F. Osborne, a ward school principal, by cutting his throat and wrists with a razor.

Another Rohan Will Filed.
Warrensburg.—Ward R. Case, an attorney from Jamestown, Tenn., filed in the probate court at Warrensburg, Mo., another will in the now famous Rohan case. Ward says he is the attorney for a nephew of Rohan.

Not Unreasonable.
"Boy wanted for sausages," runs an announcement in a butcher's shop at Hriensden. It sounds unappealing; yet, no doubt a boy is the proper complement for the mashed.—London Opinion.

Wanted Land and Husband.
She could plow and do all the farm work, and if she got land she would get a husband, was the contention of a young woman who applied recently to the land board of Heathcote, Victoria, Australia.

Actions speak no louder than some people talk.

The love of money proves that the world is full of rosters.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning
Apply at once the wonderful, old reliable DR. FORTNER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL. A surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, 1.00.

Some people will allow you to take their part, and then expect you to return it.

Sealskin coats are fashionable with women nowadays, but in Eve's time it was no different.

Of Course.

"Then you don't like a folding affair?"
"I do not. It's trouble enough at night to undress yourself without having to undress the bed."

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Worldly Advice.
"Equivalent advice, that," said Senator Hitchcock in a tariff argument. "Such advice can be taken in two ways. It's like the advice of Rowndar."

"A youth told Rowndar that he was passionately in love with a parlor maid eleven years his senior."

"She's all the world to me," said the youth. "What would you advise me to do?"

"See a little more of the world, old chap, Rowndar replied."

Honoring Journalists.
Journalism, in the wider sense, should be satisfied with its share in the honorary degrees which Glasgow university is to confer this month. Of six men who will receive the honorary degree of LL.D. one is L. P. Jacks, editor of the Hibbert Journal, and one is George Saunders, the London Times' Paris correspondent. Mr. Jacks also is professor of philosophy in Manchester college, England, but it is no doubt in recognition of the influence of the Hibbert Journal that he is to be honored. He already has been honored by Oxford and Harvard.

Early Wall Paintings.
It is probable that the earliest wall paintings were those of the Egyptians. Those people employed a distemper containing dissolved gum and their principal pigments were white chalk, a vegetable yellow ochre, Eblaian clinnbar, blue powdered glass stained with copper and charcoal black. The walls of Assyrian and Babylonian dwellings were treated in much the same way, and the practice was certainly in vogue in Assyria. It has been believed that the Greeks understood true fresco work, apparently on the strength of a phrase occurring in Plutarch, "to paint on a wet ground." Vitruvius also speaks of a wet ground and says that colors placed on a surface so prepared are characteristic of true fresco work.

Stung.
The two men who occupied the seat directly in front of the little man in the passenger coach were chuckling over a mysterious pamphlet. They would read a few paragraphs and say: "Gee, ain't this hot stuff?" Then they would turn a page and laugh.

"This is the spiciest stuff I ever read," said one of the readers.

The little man's curiosity got the best of him, and he quietly stood up so he could get a glimpse of the spicily reading matter. He took a look and sat down and kicked himself. The legend on the pamphlet read:

"Normal Composition of Various Red Peppers, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

Source of Strength.
We do not flatter ourselves that the intellect of our time, judged by the power of individuals, is exceptionally great. No doubt, men of commanding genius are still with us, but they are not more numerous or more original than in former times. What then is the peculiarity that has produced such great results? In my opinion what has been accomplished is due in great part to the spread of higher education, which has evolved an army of competent investigators possessing enthusiasm for research which now, for the first time, is led into new paths by the few great minds, whose powers receive a wider range and become more productive. It is in this that our great strength lies.—Prof. Arthur Schuster in Science.

CUBS' FOOD.
They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonsful in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nut juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours."

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have